

No.
137
Sept.
'70

MAD

OUR PRICE
35¢
CHEAP



IN THIS ISSUE
BOOB & CARNAL & TAD & ALAS & ALFRED

Introducing A New MAD Feature Which Takes A Humorous Look At The War Between



MAJOR HAWKS

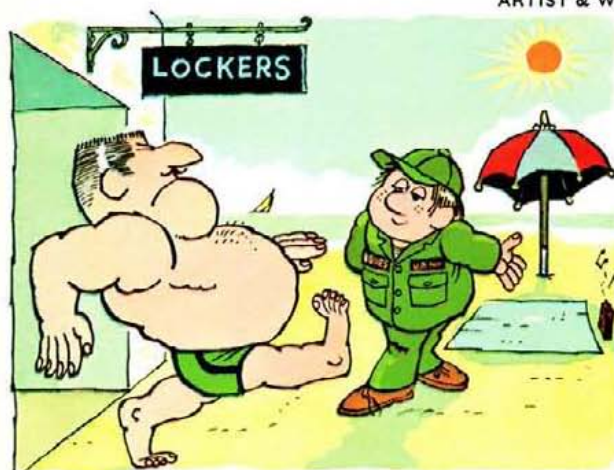
HAWKS & DOVES



PRIVATE DOVES



ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



MAD

"The only reason more American families don't own an elephant is: they've never been offered one for a dollar down and a dollar a week!"

—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES publisher ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN editor

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CURTIS ANDERSON subscriptions

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—Sept. 1970, Vol. 1, No. 137 is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: in the U.S.A., 15 issues \$5.00. Outside U.S.A., 15 issues \$6.25. Allow 10 weeks for changes of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1970 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

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& TAD & ALAS"
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MOVIE SATIRE)
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**A
BOY-DOG
NAMED
LASSIE
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BEHIND THE
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CENTURY
OUTDOORS
MAGAZINE
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**"MAKEUS
SICKBY, M.D."
(A MAD
TV SATIRE)
Pg. 43**

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LETTERS DEPT.



MAD'S OFFICIAL PORTRAIT OF THE PRESIDENT

It must have taken great courage to print the back cover to #135. In times like these, when straight truth and honesty are clouded over or ignored, it is truly heartening that MAD still sees the daylight and tells it like it is. Don't bend under pressure. You are needed now more than ever.

Albert N. Abrams
Adelphi, Md.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A BORE WHEN . . .

"You Know You're Really A Bore When . . ." you print articles like "You Know You're Really A Bore When . . ."

Eric Smith
Missoula, Mont.

"You Know You're Really A Bore When . . ." this is the 10th letter you've written to MAD, and it's the only one that gets published.

G. R. Gomola
Trenton, N.J.

"You Know You're Really A Bore When . . ." you get a gift subscription to MAD—anonously.

Mark Thomas
Warren, Mich.

WOW!

All I can say is, "Wow!" The entire June issue (#135) had me laughing and crying at the same time. So who needs a shrink to tell us what our hang-ups are all about when there are guys like you around? Wow! (Again!)

Sarah Dickey
Albuquerque, N.M.

SPARE THE ROD & SHARE THE MAD

Being the mother of two teenagers, I thank God that, in this troubled world of "Vietnam" and "Pot", etc., I have a magazine like "MAD" to share with them.

Claire Serauman
Everett, Mass.

WILL THE TRUTH HURT . . . US?

I just hope that your offices remain intact, and MAD continues its successful crusade for truth. The Right Wing is probably after you for showing it up for what it is . . . and the Leftists probably want to kill you for doing peacefully what they would rather destroy the country to accomplish.

Diana M. Savit
Brooklyn, N.Y.

SLEAZY RIDERS

Your "Sleazy Riders" was a superb satire of a very well-done movie. In fact, your last scene—showing Uncle Sam, unrecognized, degraded, and being run out of town by extremists—was an even broader statement of truth than the original tragic ending to the movie.

Mark Sajbel
Pueblo, Colo.

Peter Fonda's "Easy Rider" had a message of importance for all generations. So did MAD's "Sleazy Riders". What's happening, guys? You've been slipping lately by giving us meaningful literature instead of worthless trash.

Colleen M. Francis
Denver, Colo.

"Sleazy Riders" showed far more originality than the movie it satirized. MAD is the modern day "muck-raker", and you've done it again with this article.

Karl M. Rabenold
Blue Bell, Pa.

"Sleazy Riders" was your best movie satire to date. As much as I loved the film, I was aware of its flaws. Your satire succeeded in pointing up its shortcomings without destroying the film's obvious sincerity.

Sp/4 Don Pugsley
Fr. Riley, Kans.

"High" praise for "Sleazy Riders"! Larry Siegel was "writing high" on this one, and Mort Drucker's art was "outta sight"! I was really Fonda it!

Joseph La Mendola
Jersey City, N.J.

"Sleazy Riders" was an insult to one of the greatest movies I have ever seen. Arlene Calabrese
Drexel Hill, Pa.

FOLKSY INCOME TAX RETURN

Your "Folksy Income Tax Return" was so funny, it gave me an idea. I plan to enter my MAD Subscription as a deduction. After all, it's a "necessary expense"!

I. J. Shapiro
Toronto, Can.

A MAD LOOK AT FOOTPRINTS

"A MAD Look At Footprints" was an ingenious feat!

Mike Addobati
Sacramento, Calif.

SELECTIVITY

The only thing I like about your magazine is the little "Drawn-Out Drama" cartoons at the tops of the pages.

Claudia Blodgett
Inglewood, Calif.

What's wrong with the "Drawn Out Drama" cartoons at the bottoms of the pages?—Ed.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMER

"The Richard M. Nixon Presidential Primer" was by far the best and funniest article you've done. What makes it even funnier is that much of what you said about Mr. Nixon is TRUE! Congratulations to Larry Siegel for some hilarious satire.

Richard T. Frothingham
South Burlington, Vt.

You reached a new low with your "Richard M. Nixon Presidential Primer"—a low I did not think you were capable of. It was in extremely bad taste and was degrading to the Leader of our Country—a person to whom, right or wrong, respect should be given. If we think our President is a joke, what are other nations going to think of this country?

Amado Bobadilla
Middletown, R.I.

The same thing they've been thinking all along!—Ed.

Let me make one thing perfectly clear: Your "Richard M. Nixon Presidential Primer" was sensational! Make no mistake about that!

John Van Mater
Piscataway, N.J.

The latest Louis Harris poll, taken in March, 1970, shows that 72% of the people in the U.S. are satisfied with Richard M. Nixon as President. From the looks of your last issue (#135), you seem to have overlooked that fact.

Winston C. Cavan
Durham, N.C.

The latest Alfred E. Neuman poll, taken in April, 1970, shows that 28% of the people in the U.S. are satisfied with MAD. We know our audience!—Ed.

THE MAD MORALITY

I can well understand your policy against taking ads. However, you DO take "Letters To The Editor", so I am writing this one in the hopes that it might alert your readers to my new book, "The MAD Morality" (Abingdon Press, \$2.79—On Sale Now At All Bookstores!), in which I prove, through your own articles and ad satires, that MAD is a subversive moral document pledged to decency and goodness.

Vernard Eller
Professor of Religion
La Verne College, Calif.

And in support of decency and goodness, we are submitting a bill to you, Dr. Eller, for your sneaky ad. We are also attempting to interest someone in writing a book called "The MAD Immorality" which proves, through these very same articles, that MAD is a subversive immoral document pledged to indecency and badness. Publicity like YOURS we need like a hole in the head!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:
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... THEN LAUGHING CONVULSIVELY
... THEN CACKLING HYSTERICALLY
... THEN SCREAMING UNCONTROLLABLY
AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, YOU'LL BE



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New York, N. Y. 10022

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MAD ABOUT MAD

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SWITCH HIT DEPT.

AND NOW, MAD
TURNS ITS ATTEN-
TION TO ONE OF THE
MOST TALKED-ABOUT
FILMS OF THE YEAR!
AND HERE IS HOW IT'S
TALKED ABOUT . . .



BOOB AND CARNAL

AND LENNY AND EMILY AND HERBIE AND MARGIE AND HAL AND JUDY AND SY





AND SO ON—AND SO ON—AND SO ON!
WELL, WE HERE AT MAD FEEL THAT
EVERYONE HAS THE RIGHT TO DECIDE
FOR HIMSELF. THEREFORE, WE ASK
YOU TO BE OPEN-MINDED WHEN YOU
JUDGE THIS DIRTY MOVIE... AS MAD
PRESENTS ITS OWN VERSION OF...

AND TAD AND ALAS

AND JOAN AND BUZZ AND ELAINE AND JOE AND PAT AND DICK AND PHOEBE



Now, we are going to
practice being completely
honest with each other!
Somebody start! Say
something honest...

You spit
when
you talk!

Good!
You smell
like a goat!

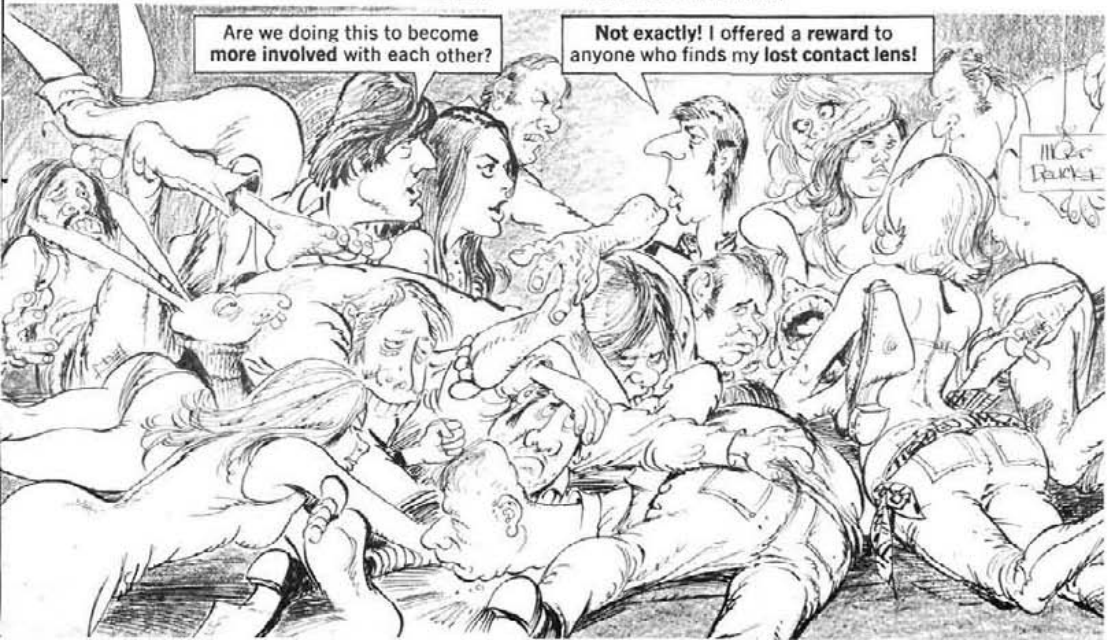
Fine!
Your breath
could KILL!

Splendid!
Now, Boob—
what did we
learn from
this exchange?

We learned that OUR
problems are NOTHING
compared to YOUR
problems! YOU'RE
a SLOB!!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART



Are we doing this to become
more involved with each other?

Not exactly! I offered a reward to
anyone who finds my lost contact lens!

AND
JESSIE
AND
SALLY
AND
GENE
AND
THELMA
AND
ALBERT
AND
SHIRLEE
AND
SEYMOUR
AND
TEDDY
AND
MARTY
AND
CAROL
AND
BERNIE
AND
SEENA
AND
GARY
AND
LESLIE
AND
TOAN
AND
SUSAN
AND
TOM
AND JAMIE AND

Except for one minor flaw, the theory is that the only way to be really happy is to be truly honest with everyone!

Well—how does it work?

It's simple. Alas! I'll show you! Er—uh—I know you're supposed to be the same age as Tad! So how come you look at least ten years older!?!

Do me a big favor! DROP DEAD!!

And Tad—who would believe that an inarticulate lump like YOU could ever become such a successful lawyer!?!

Hey! That's a TERRIBLE thing to say! Boy, YOU may be really happy being truly honest with everyone, but it can sure make THEM miserable!

We know! That's the one minor flaw in the theory!



You went through three red lights, almost hit a pedestrian, and your conversation shows that you're a bigot!

What's this all about?

I'm learning to be really happy by expressing my true feelings!



ME. TOO!!



Are you going to let him do that?

Sure! I wouldn't want it on my conscience that I frustrated him!

Are you hurt, Carnal?

Yes, but I'm also happy! I managed to kiss his fist as it went through my caps!



Daddy, why are you playing with me?

So everyone can identify with me as a warm, regular, everyday, average guy—

—who owns a \$150,000 Beverly Hills home, and is never seen in the same outfit twice, and wears a whistle around his 40-year-old neck?? LOTS OF LUCK!!



I—I have a confession to make to you, Carnal!

When I was in San Francisco, I . . . er . . . I had an AFFAIR!

In a hotel room!! Oh . . . ?

Now, look!! If you're going to get SORE, then I can never tell you ANYTHING!!







How could he DO such a thing!?



Having affairs with other women!?



Making love to sexy young girls!?



Hugging and kissing all night!?



Is there something you want?

I was in the mood, but forget it!!

Why forget it?

I'm not in the mood any more! I—I think I hurt myself!



C'mon, Tad! Don't tell me YOU never did anything like that!?

Well, as a matter of fact ... last year, in New York, I had this girl in my hotel room ... and I did something foolish ... something I'll always regret!!

Yeah? What did you do??

I ... I UNTIED her ... and she called the cops!!



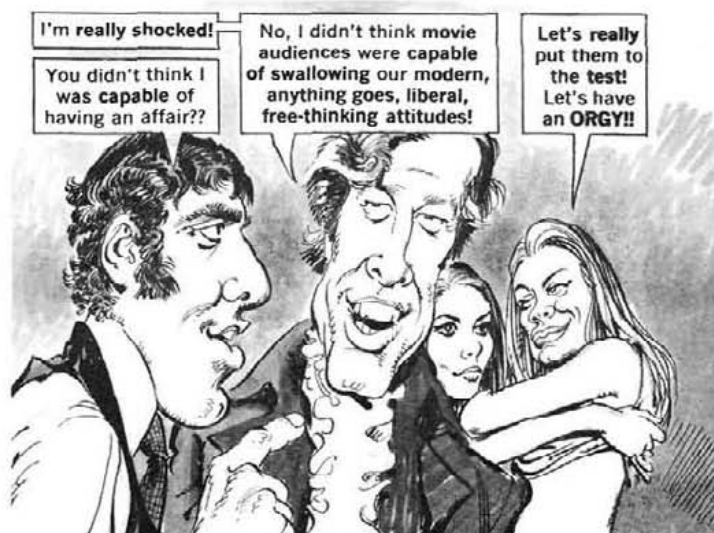
Hi, Honey! I'm home again!

Hello, dear! I have a surprise for you!

That's great! Where is it?

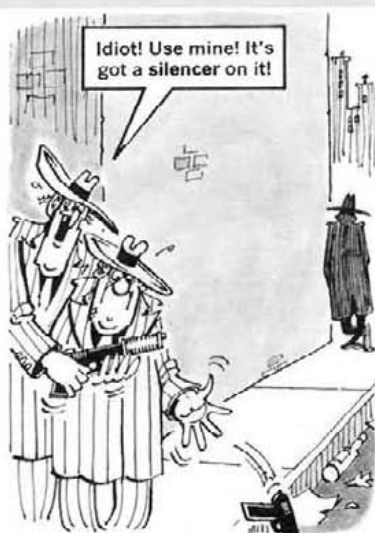
It's upstairs on your pillow!

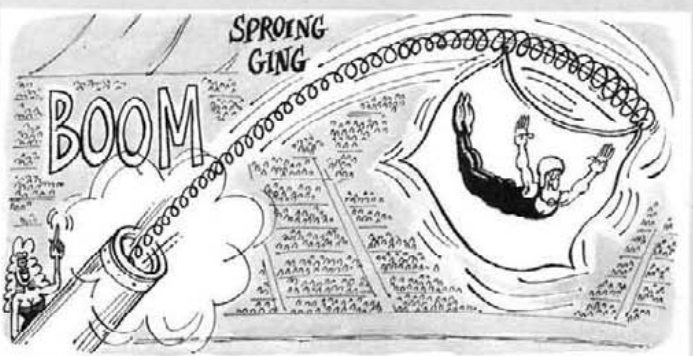
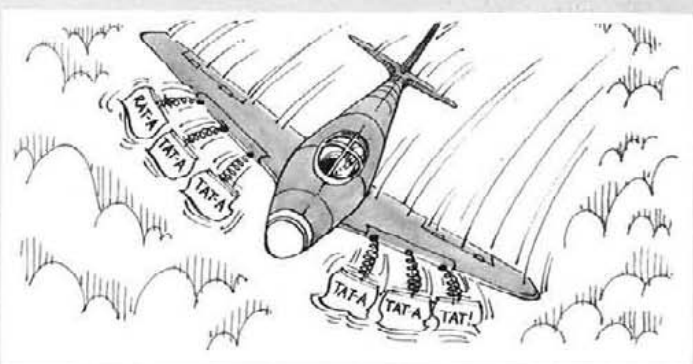
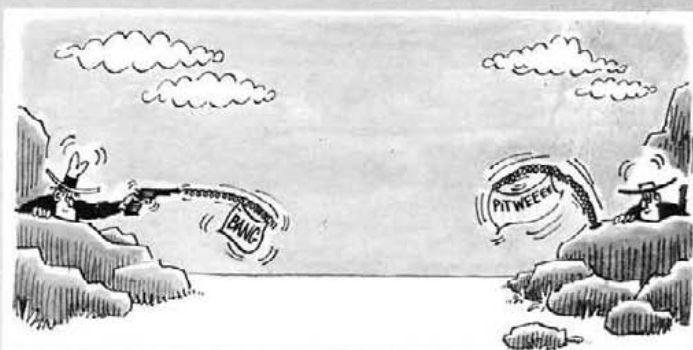
Gee, what is it? A Tennis Pro!



H AND MAX AND BEA AND BACK AND FORTH AND TO AND FRO AND AL AND LEE AND EVERYBODY IN THE WORLD AND ALFRED.

GREAT NON-VIOLENT GUNS!



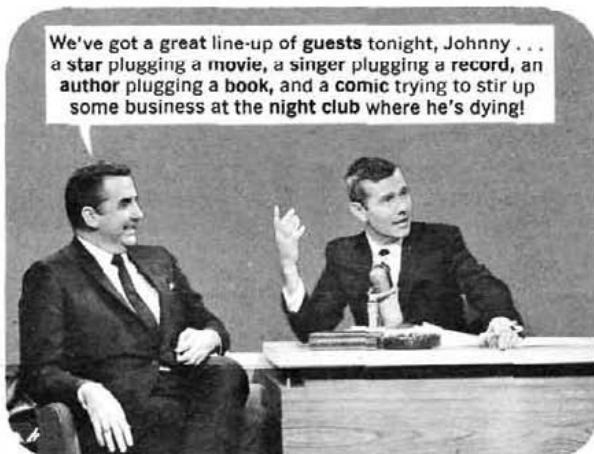


A MAD
PORTFOLIO
OF...

TV SCENES



That was the worst act I ever saw!



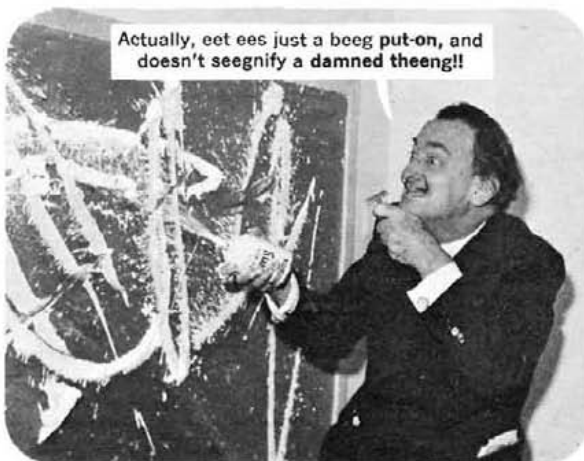
We've got a great line-up of guests tonight, Johnny... a star plugging a movie, a singer plugging a record, an author plugging a book, and a comic trying to stir up some business at the night club where he's dying!



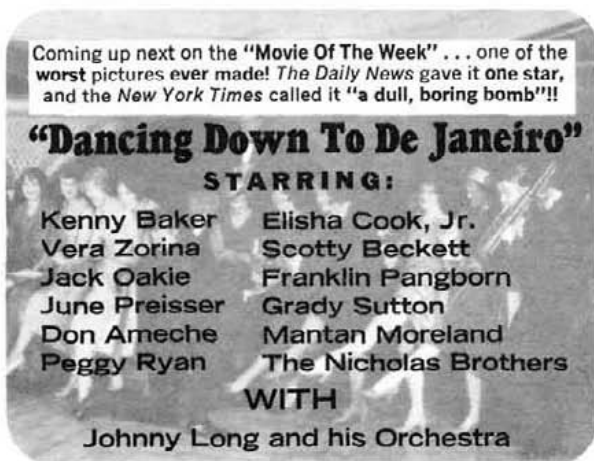
... and I'd like to thank the Publicity Department for taking out those full-page trade paper ads, plugging me for this Oscar... and I'd like to express my appreciation to the Studio for applying pressure to the members of the Academy contracted to them to vote for me... and...



Boy, if any of de guys from my ol' neighborhood ever got caught eatin' Yogurt, we'd-a-t'rown 'im in de river!!



Actually, eet ees just a beeg put-on, and doesn't seegnify a damned theeng!!



Coming up next on the "Movie Of The Week"... one of the worst pictures ever made! *The Daily News* gave it one star, and the *New York Times* called it "a dull, boring bomb"!!

"Dancing Down To De Janeiro"

STARRING:

Kenny Baker	Elisha Cook, Jr.
Vera Zorina	Scotty Beckett
Jack Oakie	Franklin Pangborn
June Preisser	Grady Sutton
Don Ameche	Mantan Moreland
Peggy Ryan	The Nicholas Brothers

WITH

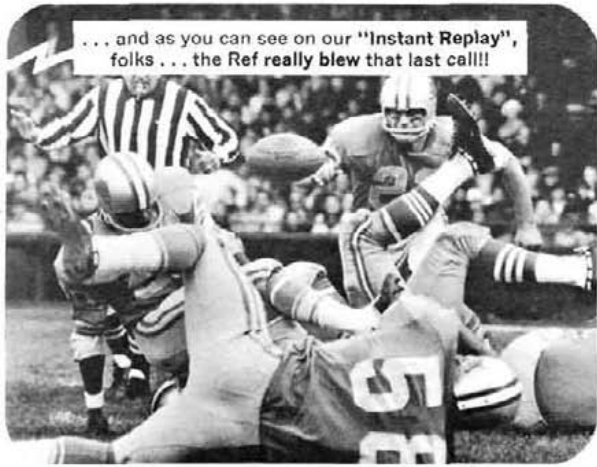
Johnny Long and his Orchestra



WE'D LIKE TO SEE

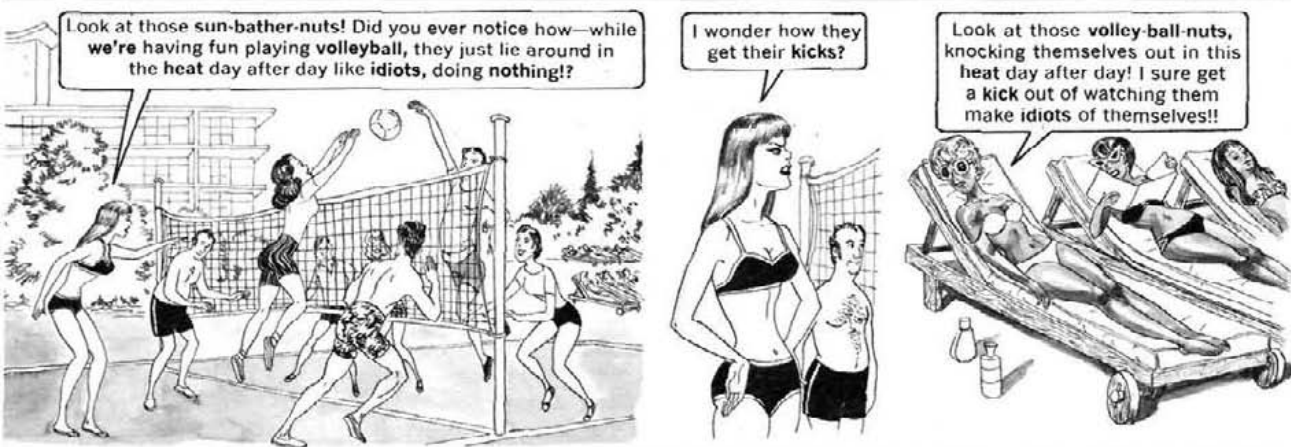
WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

PHOTOS BY U.P.I. & WIDE WORLD



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

SUMM



ER RESORTS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

Wow! That's some Breakfast they serve at this hotel! I'm so full, I can't budge! Let's sit here a while and talk!

The sausages were scrumptious! The pancakes were magnificent! And the scrambled eggs... they were simply out of this world!

Is that all you can talk about?! What you just had for Breakfast??

No, that's NOT all I can talk about!!

Gee... I wonder what we're having for lunch??



Hey! Your ad said this was to be a "Swinging Singles Weekend"! There are plenty of single GIRLS... but where are the single MEN?

Actually, they're scared off by ads for these weekends! A single guy comes to a place like this only for what he can get! A single girl comes here to find a HUSBAND!

This is the age of sexual freedom! Women are emancipated! Marriage for us has been pushed into the background! We are self-supporting! Our careers come first! We are independent and equal—and...

By the way, are you married?



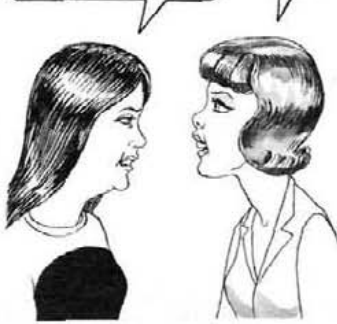
That's NOT TRUE!!

You're crazy, Blanch! You've never played tennis before, you're only going to be at this resort for two weeks, and yet you went out and bought all that tennis equipment!

Why, you must have spent a small fortune on all that stuff... and you don't even know the first thing about tennis!

I DO SO know the first thing about tennis!!

I know I look GREAT in a white tennis outfit!!



There's that disgusting Mr. Finkman! He's a Dirty Old Man and a Penny-Pincher!

I'll agree he's a Dirty Old Man... but as for his being a Penny-Pincher—

—I've found him most generous and free-spending! He's always treating us girls to drinks, and picking up our lunch tabs!

That may be... but he's still a Penny-Pincher!! And I ought to know...

I'M PENNY!!

I'm the only teenager on this whole beach that doesn't have a transistor radio!

It makes me feel practically naked!!

Just a minute, Miss! You can't go into the pool without a bathing cap!

Why not?

Because those are the rules! It says so right there: "No girls will be allowed in the pool without a bathing cap!" Long hair tends to break off and clog up the drains!

But my hair isn't long!

Look, young lady, the rules say girls will wear bathing caps—and that's final!

Oh, yeah! What about them?

They're not girls!!

SCREECH!!

STOP SHOWING OFF! I DON'T SWIM SO GOOD!!

WHO'S SHOWING OFF?!

I DON'T PADDLE SO GOOD!!

I've only got a short vacation, so I want to pack everything I can into it! Today, I'm going to try Horseback Riding...

Have you ever ridden a horse before?

No—but if I can drive a 360 Horsepower CAR, I certainly ought to be able to drive a ONE Horsepower HORSE!

It's not quite the same thing, Sir!

GET GOING! MOVE! DON'T JUST STAND THERE, IDIOT! DO SOMETHING!

See? It's NOT like driving a car!

Sure it is! I just can't find the STARTER!!



Did you hear who the entertainment is in the Nightclub Theater tonight? Roger Kaputnik! Let's go see him...

Isn't he that TV Comic you can't stand!?

That's the one! He's a brash, no-talent, unfunny loudmouth! Let's go see him...

But whenever he comes on the TV, you shut it off!

Sure I do! He's repulsive! I just don't know how he ever got as far as he did! So—LET'S GO SEE HIM!

But if you can't stand him on TV, why do you want to see him in person?

How often do I get a chance to meet a real live famous celebrity?!



Y'know what I like about going away on a vacation and staying at a big hotel, Mom? I don't have to worry about the dishes getting done three meals a day, plus washing up after snacks!

And I don't have to worry about my bed being made, or my room being cleaned and straightened! Here the Chambermaid does all that!

Hey, wait just one minute! When did you ever do ANY of those things at home?!

Never!

But here, I don't have to listen to you NAG me about them!



Golf! Golf! Golf! That's all you're interested in! That's all you think about! That's all you do! Well... there are other things at this resort besides golf!

Like WHAT??

LIKE YOUR FAMILY!!

Oh... that!

See? You don't care! For all you know, I could be sick in this room, and the kids could be freaking out on narcotics! As long as you have golf, you forget you even HAVE a family!

THAT'S NOT TRUE!!

All the time that I'm playing, there are pictures of you and the kids in my wallet!!



What a crummy Boate! this is! I'm embarrassed to bring my \$45,000 cruiser to such a dump!

The mooring facilities are inadequate! The docks are rotting! The food is lousy and the service is worse!

Why did you tirade so against this Boate! I don't think it's so bad!

Neither do I!

I just wanted everyone to know that I own a \$45,000 cruiser!



What a dull winter!

Mine, too!

My children are married, so I have nothing to do anymore!

Me, too! My children are all off in College!

So all Winter long, to keep busy, I play cards!

It's the same with me!

That's why I look forward to Summer, when I can come to the Beach Club!

Yeah, I know how you feel! It's a nice change of scene!



There's that snob, Brad! He's the biggest "put-down" artist in town! Tell him something and he'll always one-better you!

But not this time! Because we just got back from one of the snazziest resorts in the State! We hadda travel 300 miles to get there, but it was worth it! Watch me put HIM down!

Hi, Charley, Baby! What's happening?

I really don't know, Brad! I've been away... in the country!

That so? I was in SWITZERLAND!! What country were YOU in?



MALE BITCH DEPT.

Of all the fine songs recorded by Johnny Cash through the years, "A Boy Named Sue" turned out to be one of his most successful. This ballad, about a boy with a girl's name, is fictitious. But MAD knows a *true* story about a boy with a girl's name... and we offer it here, with our apologies to the original song's composer-lyricist, Shel Silverstein... (So The Boy Won't Sue!).

A BOY-DOG NAMED "LASSIE"



Well, it started with a guy named Eric Knight
Who lost his life in an airplane flight,
But before he cashed in, he wrote him many a tome.



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

"LASSIE COME HOME"

Among them, "The Flying Yorkshireman"
And "This Above All," but I'm no fan
Of the book he went and called "Lassie Come Home!"



WRITER: E. NELSON BRIDWELL

Well, I wasn't born when the book came out,
But the fame of the story spread about,
So naturally it was bought up quick by Hollywood.



They auditioned for the part of the female collie,
Testing Princess, Girl, and Dolly,
And found out female dogs don't train so good!



So they went for a male—my Great Grand-Dad
(Who'd hoped for the role of Terhune's "Lad"
In a movie with stars the like of Raymond Massey!),



But instead he was teamed with Roddy McDowall
In a part that made Grand-Paw bark "Foul!"
When he learned his movie name'd been changed to "Lassie!"



Well, everyone thought the film was classy,
So they followed it up with "Son of Lassie",
Then "Courage of Lassie" from the same old recipe.



Though the dog in this last one's name was "Bill",
The title wasn't, so people still
Believed my Great-Granddaddy was a she!



This doggy bag spread to radio
Which was followed (as if you didn't know)
By an endless stream of episodes on TV!



And whenever one "Lassie" got too old,
A new replacement came in from the fold,
Until the name was handed down to me!



What annoys me more than a pesky flea
Is the fact that "Lassie" has proved to be
A goldmine of products and things to make them rich!



But despite it all, I'm in a rut
Trying to prove to every mutt
That I'm not a daughter, but a dog-gone son-of-a-BLEEEEP!



Oh, how I'd love to put the bite
On that casting clod who caused my plight!
To give a guy a girl-dog's tag is brassy!



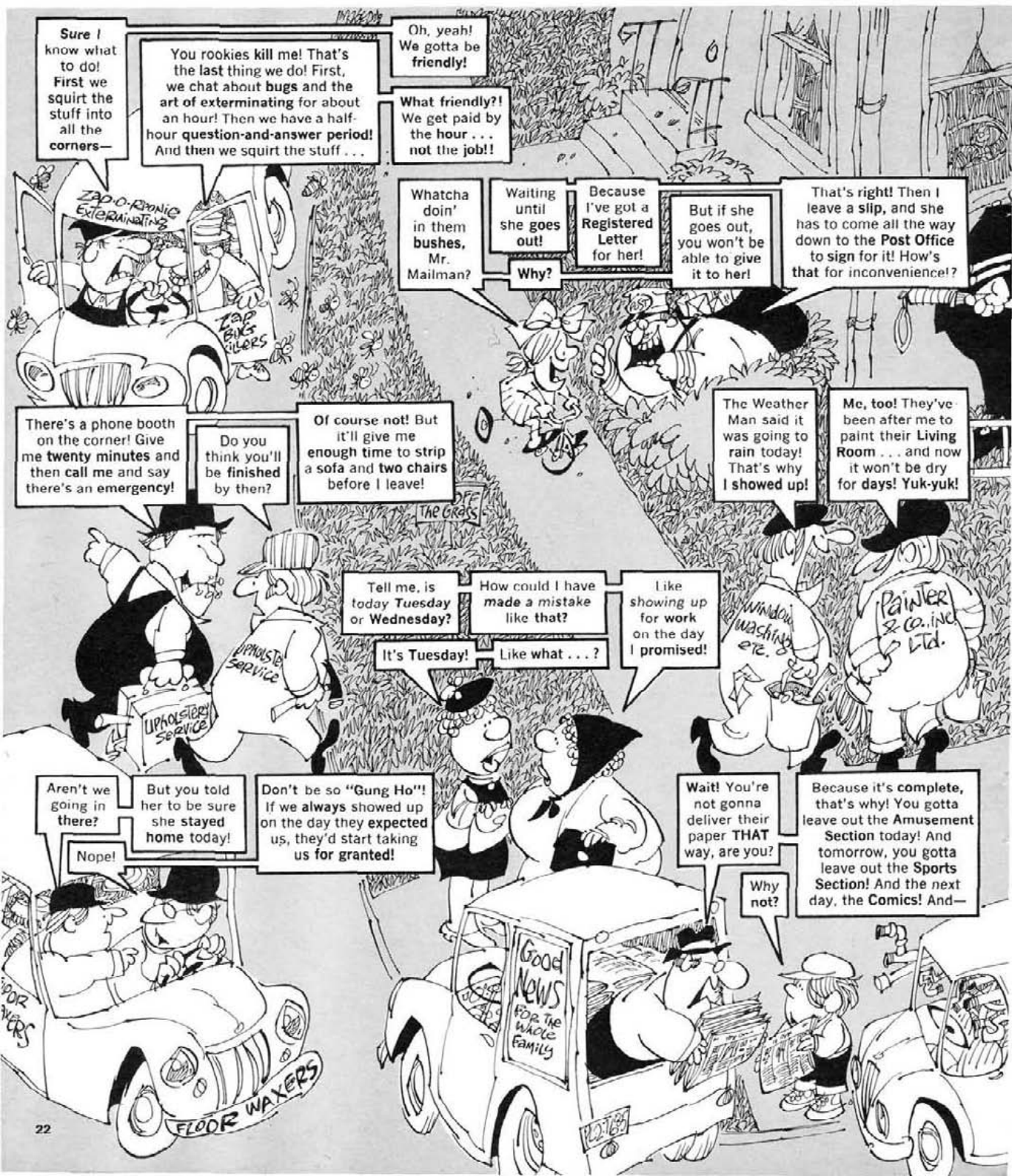
I'd tear him to pieces for his folly,
And then I'd find me a *real* girl collie,
And we'd have a son and name him... Snoopy, or Rin-Tin-Tin,
or Gentle Ben,
or Flipper...



... anything but "Lassie"!

A MAD PEEK BEHIND T

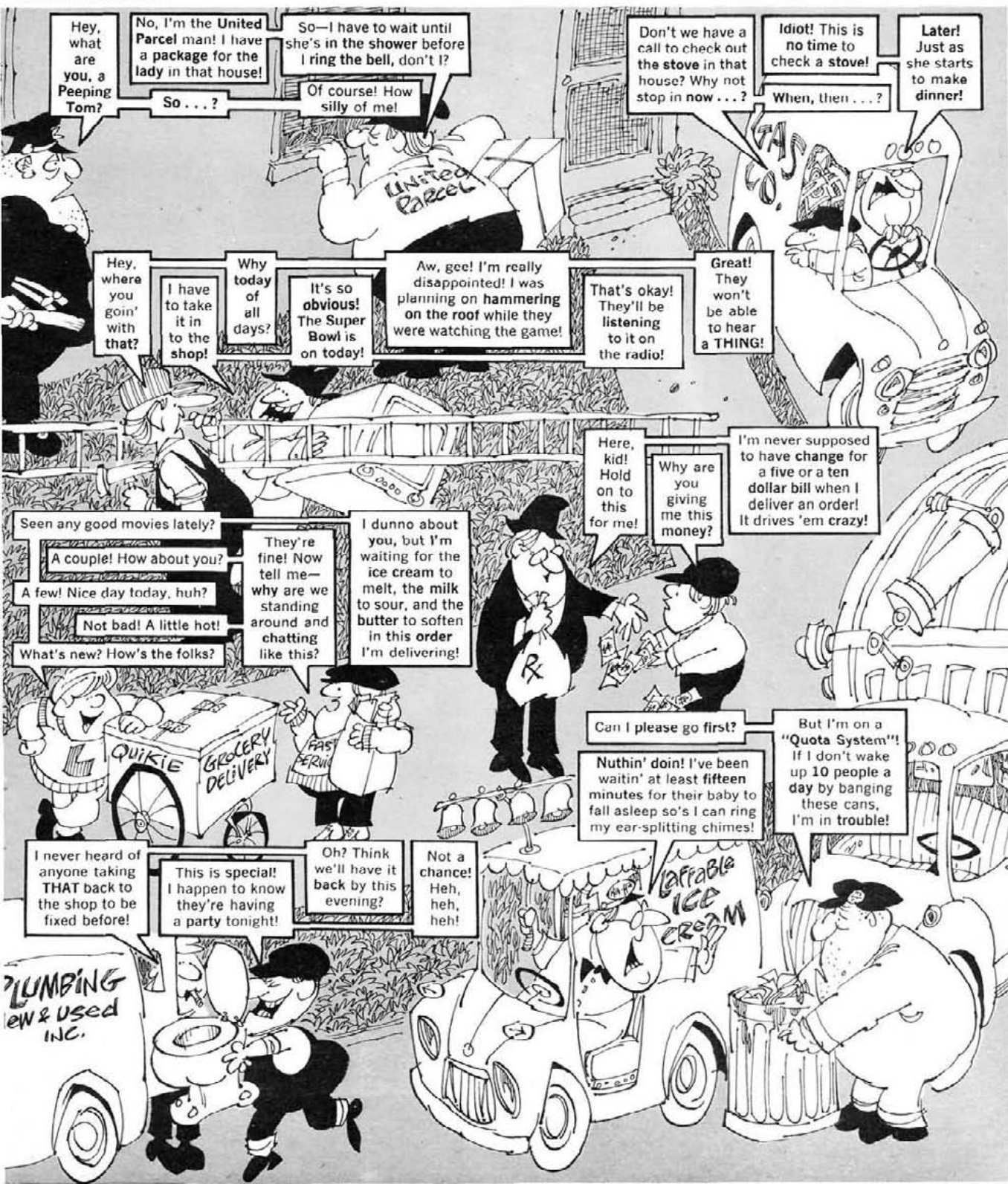
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.



dedicated people are working tirelessly and secretly to make our lives miserable! Here's

THE SCENES of Home Services

WRITER: STAN HART



SPORTS CARS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

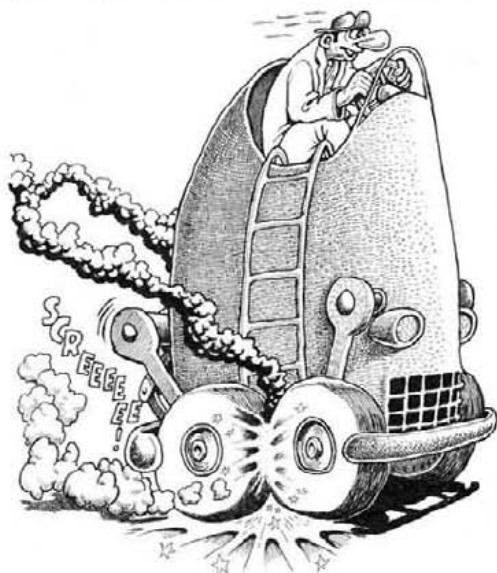


THE DRAGGING DRAGSTER



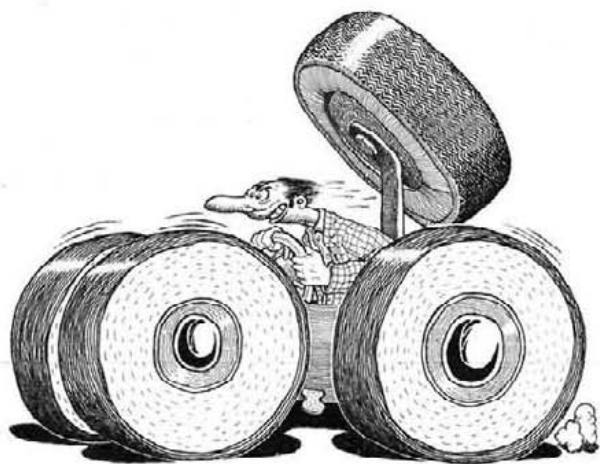
To most sports car enthusiasts, no beast is worth driving unless it is extremely low slung. Here is one design that is tops at hitting bottom. Flexible chassis slithers over ground on small rollers, causing onlookers to wonder just how low a driver can get. Not recommended for rocky roads.

THE STANLEY SCREAMER



Tire manufacturers will adore this innovation in design which produces, even in slow moving traffic, the shrieks and squeals that otherwise come from gunning and skidding sports cars at high speeds. Special pedal pushes back and front wheels together so they rub against each other. Odor of burning rubber, smoke, and ear-splitting screeches are thus produced, even while car is going ten miles an hour.

THE TERRIFIC TIRE TOTER



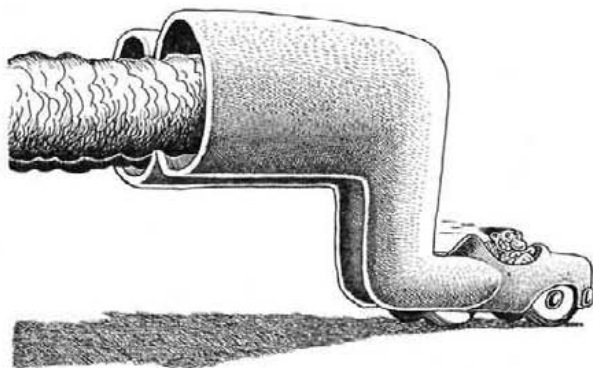
This design should be a sheer delight to those sports car enthusiasts who think mostly in terms of tires—big, wide, whirring tires. There are no distracting bumpers, fenders, etc. to hide these tires from full sight. Even the spare is in good view, because there's no room for it elsewhere.

THE BASHED-IN BOLTER



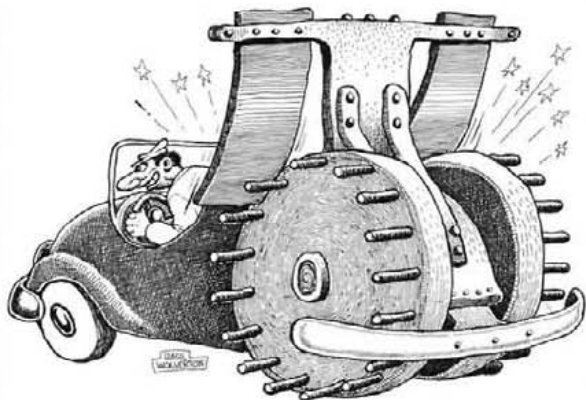
Comes direct from the factory looking like a wreck to give the impression that the driver is a hot-headed daredevil who better not be crossed. Just the thing for the timid sports car lover who wants to feel dangerous and powerful.

THE X-1 EXHAUSTER



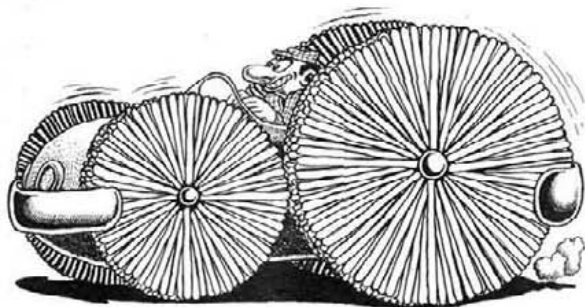
This model is designed to appeal to sports car buffs who feel that the size of the exhaust pipes together with the smoke and sounds that come from them should be emphasized. Smoke bombs and firecrackers from a special year's supply are automatically ignited every time the car is started.

THE CLASSY CLATTERER



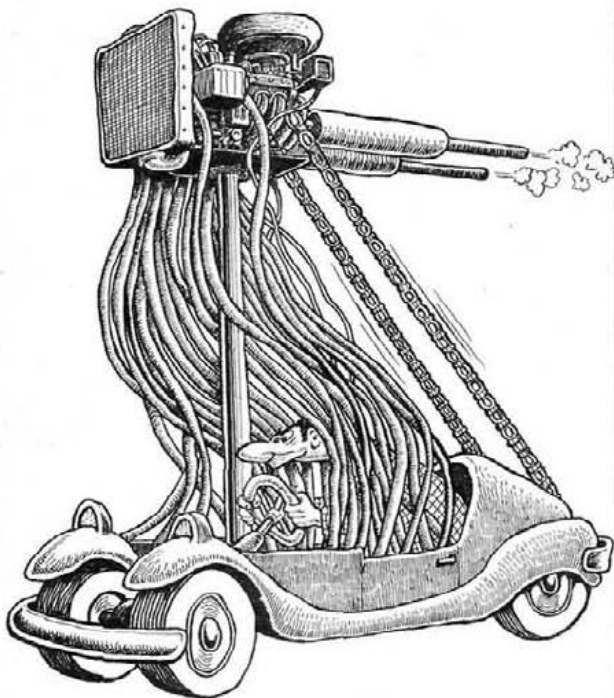
Since big sound and fury is necessary to many sports car buffs, here is the ultimate for them, based on the simple "spoke-clackers" that kids attach to the forks of their bicycles. In this model, two sheets of steel clang against heavy metal bars extending from the oversized rear wheels.

THE WIRE-SPOKE SPINNER



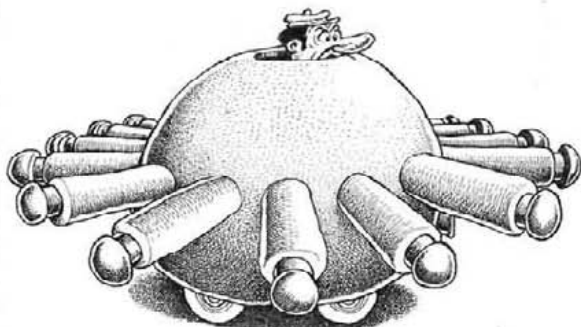
This model was especially designed for the enthusiast who feels that sports car wheels need to be nothing more than spokes. Although it isn't too speedy or smooth-riding, it has superb traction on gravel roads and slippery pavement.

THE LOFTY LURCHER



Service station attendants and garage mechanics will bust guts over this model, designed especially for drivers who believe that the power plant should be proudly displayed instead of being hidden under a hood. Drive is transferred via chain. Other functions, such as power brakes, ignition, power steering, lights, etc. present a problem in cables that is easily overcome by drivers with extra-long necks.

THE DENTLESS DASHER



To many sports car drivers, scratches and dents in their beloved machines are marks of shame. This model will not suffer such marks because it is ringed with jack hammers, any of which automatically goes into action when touched. However, design has one drawback. Driver himself must be careful when entering car to avoid getting dented in dome.

THE STOKER STENCHER



Because sudden accelerations, hard braking and long skids never seem to produce enough stench of burning rubber for the average sports car enthusiast, we designed this model. Equipped with a furnace from an antique coal-burning fire engine, it consumes old tires stuffed into it at intervals by the driver, who can now truthfully boast that it burns more rubber than any other sports car on the road. In the event that he runs out of old tires, the driver can always burn the tires that come with the car . . . or even his shoes.



Look around in Art Galleries today, and what do you see? You see paintings of soup cans and Brillo boxes and incomprehensible blobs. Let's face it: If the great Masters of the past were alive today, they wouldn't stand a chance of success as serious painters. Their stuff just wouldn't sell in our modern Galleries. And so, they'd probably have to find work in another field of Art... like the Comic Strips, where their stuff would be appreciated. Which brings us to this article: Let's see what might happen



IF THE WORLD'S GREAT PAINTERS DREW THE COMICS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

MEDICAL LAFFS

By Rembrandt



"On second thought, it might just be a simple headache!"

PRISSY PERCY



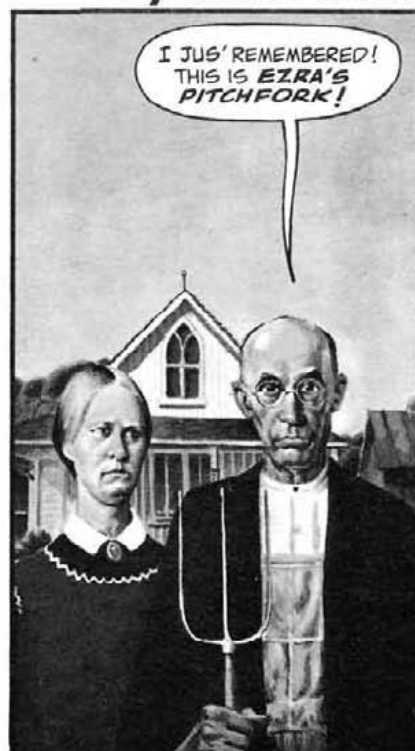
HARRIE & CARRIE



By Gainsborough



By Grant Wood



THOSE GIRLS

By Millet



COOL CATS

By Rousseau

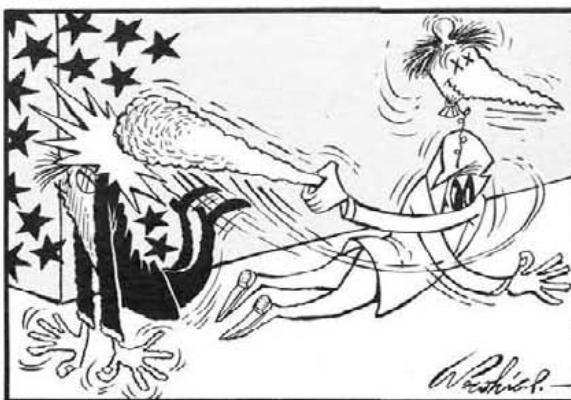
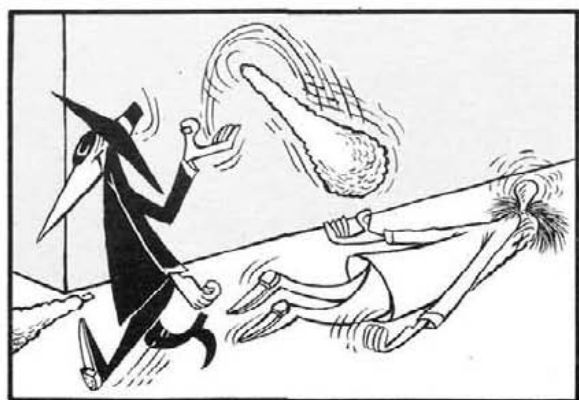
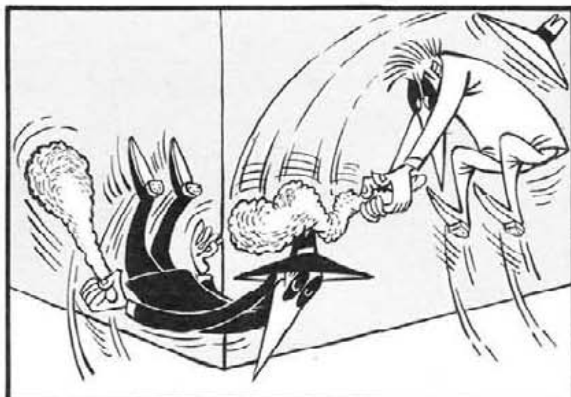
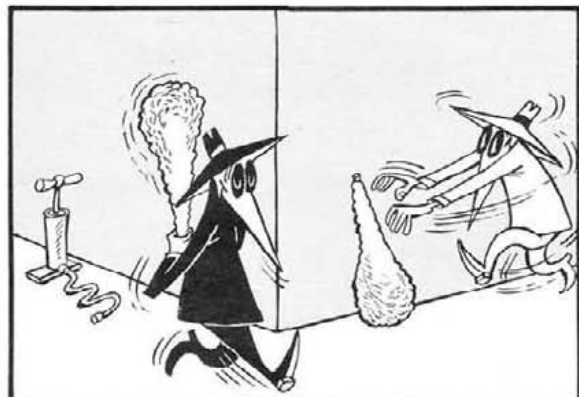


TILLIE AND HER TV

By Whistler







Today MAN is ploughing under—paving over—digging out—filling in—chopping up—and shooting down most of his natural resources without any regard to the future! Because of this, what will Man's future be like? Let's read MAD's version of . . .

**December
2003**

50c
(In Plastic Coins)

21st CENTURY OUTDOORS MAGAZINE

HOME PROJECT:

Duplicate every variety of flower still growing in New York State in a 1' by 3' window box.

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES!!

Taken in January when the debris-ridden HUDSON RIVER caught fire and burned to the bottom!

Proper care for a lush crabgrass lawn, the "Better Than Nothing" solution!

WEATHER SECTION SPECIAL:

How you can tell FALL without a calendar!

TRAVEL EXPERT

Sid Ascher tells how "You can save a fortune DRIVING FROM THE U.S.A. TO EUROPE by following my specially prepared map of heaped-up garbage routes!"

**LET'S SAVE OUR
GIANT REDWOOD
STUMP PARK!!!**

Our Letters Page



Gentlemen:

In your last issue you mentioned that we "constantly allowed air-polluting smoke to billow out of the smokestacks," (p.47, "Don't Try To Con Us, Edison Co.") . We defy your magazine or anyone else to *prove* that! Visibility in the air around our plants is near zero, making it *impossible* to see our smokestacks, let alone what billows out of them!

Sally Soot
Public Relations
Carnivorous Ed. Co.

Sirs:

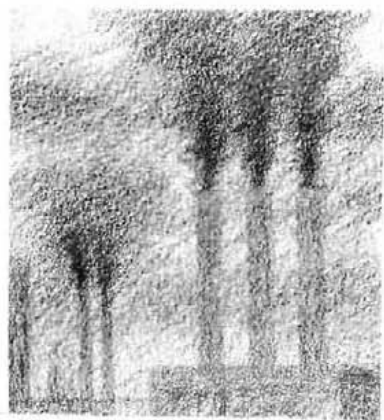
We of the Martin Packing Co. take exception to your editorial in the October issue which mentioned us as one of the companies "dumping waste into the waterways." It is a well-known fact that fish and other forms of water life *thrive* on garbage! And we are supplying it free of charge! If they don't want it and would rather become extinct, that's *their* problem, not ours!

R. J. Martin
President
Martin Packing Co.

Sirs:

As Game Warden of LaGoone Township, I would appreciate your printing this letter of appeal to your readers. Like most other lakes throughout the country, LaGoone Lake has been "fished out" for years, but our well-stocked supply of tires and boots kept anglers busy, if not entirely satisfied. Now, it would appear that our last tire was caught several months ago, and our galoshes border on extinction. We're hoping some of your sympathetic readers will respond to our call with donations from their attics, basements, and garages. Without their help, I'm afraid I won't be able to sell many more fishing licenses (at \$25 per year).

Yours in conservation,
Lloyd (Lefty) Fishman
Albany, New York



We **have** proof, but it would only be throwing "more coal on the fires."
Ed.

Sirs:

I think you make too much of the soot in our cities. Let's hear about something else for a change!

Morton Fenster
President
Hillside Dry Cleaning Chain

Gentlemen:

The last laugh is *ours*! Your magazine opposed our airport, stating countless times how "it would destroy the Everglades." Well, we've been here over 30 years and so have the Everglades! As a matter of fact, they're better than ever now that the pesky alligators are all gone and there are no birds and trees to interfere with landings and take-offs.

What have you got to say now?

Alan C. Debris
Director
Dade County Port Authority



COVER STORY: The Editors make this appeal to the Department of the Interior in hope they will decline the proposition before them now which would mean the reduction of the "Giant Redwood Stump Park" from 200 acres to 5 acres. 21st CENTURY OUTDOORS MAGAZINE believes this park should be saved for the sheer magnificence of seeing the remains of these trees which once grew over 150 ft. tall. And we refute the lumber industry and their powerful lobby who make the claim that a sawdust and toothpick shortage would imperil the nation's economy!

Monthly Editorial

It has come to this magazine's attention that most states require boats with heads ("johns", for you land-lubbers) to use a *holding tank*. This was basically a step in the right direction, for holding tanks have no outside connections and therefore no wastes go into the water. However, we have also learned that most states have made no facilities for emptying holding tanks, leaving boatmen with no alternative than to empty them by *dumping* them into the water.

Until adequate steps are taken to alleviate this problem, "21st CENTURY OUTDOORS MAGAZINE" suggests that boatmen empty their holding tanks in the lobby of the Waterways Planning Commission. It might prompt them to faster action.

Calendar of Up-Coming Sports Events



June 17-19th...Opening of Baseball Season. Again, just as last year, it looked like Baseball wasn't going to open because there was no area large enough to play, but at the very last minute a fine citizen volunteered the space. This year's first game will be played in Frank Adduci's basement, 67 Grant Street, New York City.

June 28-29th...National Oil Slick Surfing Competition, Santa Barbara, Calif.

July 1-4th...East Coast Invitational Garbage-Mobile Tournament. This sport is growing almost as fast as the garbage piles. Thrill to the sport of driving bulldozers through garbage drifts! Novices will plough through fresh garbage 2 feet thick. Pros will challenge each other in two and three month old heaps of garbage packed 30 to 40 feet deep. Admission \$6.00. Nose-Plugs \$2.00.

July 4th...Kite-Flying Contest. Since kites must be visible at all times for judges to see, no entry with more than a 5' string will be accepted.

Jan 1st...Tournament of Rose Parade. This year's rose is a beauty. It will be driven through town on a huge float, encased in magnifying glass, so all can get a good look.

THE DAY I GATHERED MY GUTS AND CLIMBED MOUNT MCKINLEY



by Steel Nurus

WHAT IS IT that makes a man forget that he is only a human being and not a god, and makes him leave his good senses behind and risk all? Is it for the chance to look into the mirror and see the reflection of a man who has conquered "the 'ol rockpile", (the name mountain climbers affectionately refer to Mount McKinley)? Or is it for the chance to impress someone else? I don't know! I only know what I know, and sometimes not even that! But I do remember the night I made up my mind to do it.

It was a Thursday, or maybe a Monday night. I was burning artificial logs in my artificial fireplace and staring into the artificial flames, when a voice from within said "Do it! Climb the 'ol Rockpile, Steel! Prove your manhood to yourself and the world. Betcha can't! Betcha can't! Ha-ha-ha!" Well, nobody says that to me and gets away with it, not even me! That night I planned my climb and tried not to notice that my hands were icy and clammy. They shook as I wrote a list of the gear I'd need for the ascent. "Don't sweat it, Steel!", I told myself. "Industry has carted away so much rock and timber and minerals and soil and vegetation that it isn't as dangerous as it used to be!" But I didn't believe my own words, knowing I lie sometimes. I would do it that next morning and get it over with. I would start at 11:45 AM so I could be back down by Noon. I would need 10 feet of rope, sneakers, and maybe a camera to record the view for posterity (for if the smog isn't too low, it is said you can see 30 to 40 feet in any direction). Also, I would

(Continued on Page 72)

The INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHER

This month's picture quiz was submitted by Eric Chipneal, Wessel, Arizona



The question "What is this?" was asked of passers-by in Journal Square, New Jersey. A photograph of the object in question appears above.



I don't know, but when I touched it, it pricked my finger. Is it colored barbed wire?

Judy De Lizza
Wurtsboro, N.Y.



My parents used to tell me about something called "spinach" that grew in their day. Is this it?

Joe Theismann,
South River, Ore.



I know what it is. A long green stem with a red top—it's a radish!

Carla Zammarioni
Milan, Wisconsin



My buddy here says it's a rose, but you can't fool me! First of all, it's not made of plastic. Secondly, it smells sweet. Roses are plastic and have no odor!

Bob Olson & Tom Gatewood
South Bend, Ind.

Come to NIAGARA FALL and ride the exciting "MAID of the MUD"



Enjoy a slithering ride over miles and miles of the famous Niagara muck and mire! See over six gallons of water a day roar over the Niagara Fall and be absorbed by the gunk below! See the fantastic daredevils attempt to go over the fall in a barrel and get hopelessly stuck at the top!

NIAGARA FALL—a trip you can't easily forget!

Springtime Fresh BOTTLED WATER



Almost clear, almost colorless, "Springtime Fresh" Bottled Water contains only 20% of the oil, chemicals, and residue usually found in ordinary home tap water.

"Springtime Fresh" is so pure it can actually be drunk with a straw without fear of clogging!

Handle it without rubber gloves! Drink it without boiling it first!

"Springtime Fresh" Bottled Water
"It takes you back to the '50s"

The Outdoorsman Shopper

From SCUBA THINGS, INC. comes "Visibility Zero," a new face mask featuring a solid black face plate to immediately familiarize the beginner with the existing conditions he'll face in our country's lakes, rivers and ocean shore areas.



No family who likes to camp outdoors should be without the "Sans Soil Wall Tent," engineered to stand erect in most weather conditions without relying on trees (which you never seem to find when you need one!). Tent-peg are, of course, carbon tipped so they can be driven into the concrete surfacing of any camping area.

Don't let that canoe or row boat rot away! "WHEEL AWAY" has just come up with an adjustable set of wheels that will fit almost any boat up to 20 feet. Take your kids for the "boat ride" they always pester you for without fear of entering the (yecch!) water!



And while we're on the subject, COVER UP, Inc. has designed the first practical bathing suit we have come across in years! Made of a new miracle alloy, this suit will keep out insecticides, pesticides, and all other chemicals dumped "safely" into the water. A water-proof crash helmet protects you against refuse dumped by individuals and a Nausea bag awaits your reaction to whatever else you come across!

"On Target" is a cleverly titled device engineered by SKY-HIGH, Ltd. Worn on the wrist like a watch, this gadget should bring back that popular sport of the '60s called "sky diving." The device enables a parachuter to pinpoint his landing area by the use of radio waves, now that the atmosphere is too dense to see through.



"21st Century Outdoors Magazine"

interviews

Loreen Taylor,
Fashion Designer
of the Month

"No one has felt the loss of rapidly diminishing animal species more than I have," said Miss Taylor, a leading authority on today's fashion modes. "It is becoming more and more difficult to come up with something original, like this stunning outfit I'm wearing," continued the lovely expert, modeling her full length tiger coat, cheetah trimmed slacks, alligator shoes, and sealskin blouse. Her hat and gloves were of matching leopard skin.

We were then led into her fashion design studio, passing through her African motif den, complete with eland horn coat racks, elephant leg bar stools, and giraffe skin rug.

"This is my newest creation," Miss Taylor said proudly. "A pigeon bathrobe. It takes a few hundred pigeons to make each one, and it may be a trifle garish, but when you have so few things left to work with the task is not easy, let me tell you."

And what does the future have in store for Loreen Taylor? "Well, I have been experimenting with fashions from rat hides, but I'll admit I don't particularly enjoy the work. Rats are horrible little things—they seem to have no regard or respect for human beings."



Question Markings by Professor Donald Holden

What was the biggest fish caught last year?

Murray Abraham,
Florida.

The biggest fish caught last year was a whopping 4 oz. salmon. It was bagged by Tim Gillete, who didn't even use a rod and reel for his record catch. Mr. Gillete just happened to be passing by when the salmon, swimming upstream, was knocked ashore by a rusty, abandoned Greyhound bus which was being washed downstream.

I recently inherited a set of golf clubs from a departed uncle who was quite proficient at this sport in his youth.

Unfortunately, I don't know where the game can be played today. Can you help me?

Ray Pichon,
New York City

There is a two-hole golf course in what is left of the Bluegrass section of Kentucky. But you'd better plan to get there early, as there is a long wait. About 80 days early.

Is it true that no two pieces of soot are ever alike?

Zoltan Zandar
Stockbridge, Mass.

You are thinking of snowflakes, which are all different. Soot is generally all the

same. However, you still need a microscope to tell the difference, as snow, while passing through all the soot, turns the same color.

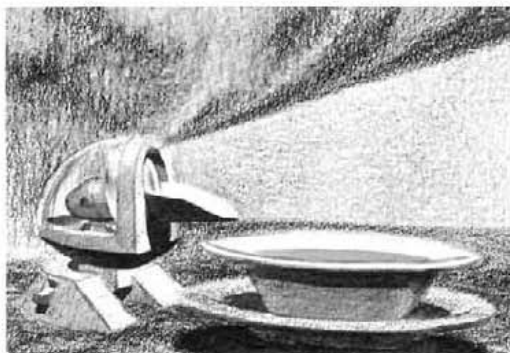
I can no longer obtain a map of California's Freeways from local gas stations. Are they being "brought up to date" again?

Jonas Aarons,
Sherman Oaks, California

Not really. Within the next 3 months California will have paved over what few acres are left without concrete, making the state virtually "one enormous freeway". Drive in any direction you wish and there will be a road under you.

Places To Go & Things To Bring...

All of you outdoor restaurant buffs will delight at this latest creation from POLLUTION PLUS called the "Soot Swoosher." An absolute necessity for Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Butte, etc., it fits in your pocket and blows a highly concentrated upward current of air that positively won't cool off your food as it prevents soot, cinders and debris from settling on your plate.



Speaking of big cities, if you're visiting New York, you might want to send the folks back home the latest souvenir of that Fun City—a cubic foot of air! It is cut fresh daily, and is available in 1, 2 or 3 cubic foot sections, with your choice of any of the five boroughs, and sturdy enough to be mailed anywhere in the United States.

If you're going to be visiting the Grand Canyon this month, color film is the only film to take along. Your eyes will be dazzled at the impact of the rainbow of beauty to be seen there—perhaps 500 different shades and hues of every conceivable color can be found in the accumulation of empty soda and beer cans that

line the canyon to within two feet of the rim. The view is especially impressive at sunset when whatever rays of the sun not blocked out by the smog, reflect against the metal and broken glass of over thirty billion discarded containers. It certainly makes every other refuse-lined natural wonder pale by comparison!



"21st Century Outdoors Magazine" CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR RENT

Beautiful 5 room house in the country. Nearest neighbor over 26 feet away! Zoning laws require occupancy of only 3 families or 18 people, whichever comes first. Write: Sardine Estates, Masten Lake, New York

FOR SALE

Cheap! It's all got to go! Tons of fishing tackle yours for practically free for any clever businessman who can think up a use for it. Start your own business, be your own boss. Write Marty Kohn, Box 44, Candlewood Lake, Connecticut.

High power binoculars. Once considered useless for today's atmosphere, VIEW-PLUS has come up with a brilliant slide-viewing attachment that clips over lenses, enabling you to see landscapes, animals, and other interesting old photos up close. VIEW-PLUS, Chicago, Illinois.

Saddles! Remember them from old Western movies and such? Well, we've got 200 high-grade beauties for sale as hassocks, model train tunnels, etc., which you can pick up for a song. Like \$2.00 each! Or 3 for \$5.00! Or a buck a shot for orders over 10! But move fast—we will not accept orders past 3 years from this month! Tumbleweed Shop, Tucson, Arizona.

Wonderful, docile pets—CHEAP! These animals come to us direct from our make-up testing laboratories, and except for blindness or other minor afflictions caused by hair sprays, mascara, etc. make extremely gentle pets. Animals driven mad by experiments not included in this group. Labs Unlimited, Rock Bottom, Mississippi.

WANTED

Dogs, cats, rabbits, etc. are needed by testing labs for very important experiments on products used for cosmetic consumption. We don't pay much, but rest assured that we will do our best to find your animal a decent home when we're through with him (see ad above). Labs Unlimited, Rock Bottom, Mississippi.

SIGHTSEEING TOURS

Grab your camera and get set to film lions, tigers, giraffes and other fantastic creatures on a never-to-be-forgotten safari through the Wildlife Wax Museum, Route #17, New Jersey, (near the Lodi traffic circle).

DOUBLE-TALK DEPT.

Politicians, celebrities, teachers, parents, businessmen... they're all making important statements these days. The trouble is, they usually say one thing, but mean another! And there's nobody around to translate for you ordinary clods! Except maybe us, the fearless men of MAD! (Who's around to translate the statements we make that say one thing and mean something else is another problem!) Anyway, back in issue #97, we ran an article which translated some of these statements. Now, here are more examples of the difference between—

WHAT THEY SAY ... AND WHAT IT REALLY MEANS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: GEORGE HART

WHEN THEY SAY...



IT REALLY MEANS...



WHEN THEY SAY...



IT REALLY MEANS...



WHEN THEY SAY...



IT REALLY MEANS...



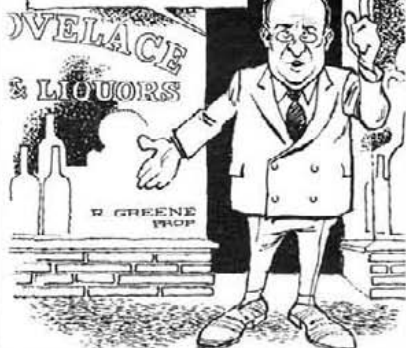
WHEN THEY SAY...

The legalization of Marijuana would be a national calamity!



IT REALLY MEANS...

I own a liquor store!

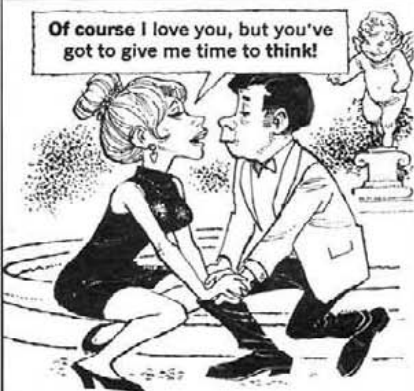


WHEN THEY SAY...

Things were different when I was your age!



Of course I love you, but you've got to give me time to think!



I want to shop around a little more!



Sounds like you could use a tune-up!



The pot roast is very good tonight!



We can't give it away!



I feel that nudity in films is a blow against neurotic Puritanism and Censorship!



It could have been a lot worse!



It could have been me!



Please ... I don't want to hear any gossip or idle rumors!



IT REALLY MEANS...

Things were a lot duller when I was your age!



WHEN THEY SAY...

I feel that the Surgeon-General's report on smoking was inconclusive!

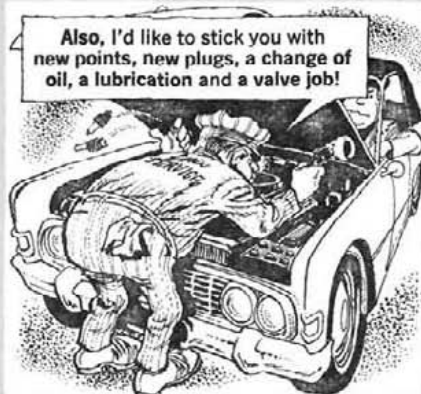


IT REALLY MEANS...

I just don't have the will power to stop!



Also, I'd like to stick you with new points, new plugs, a change of oil, a lubrication and a valve job!



I went to the "College of Hard Knocks!"



I was a High-School drop-out!



I'm a dirty old man!



Announcing the all-new, improved formula "Whizz"!



It's the same old garbage in a new package!



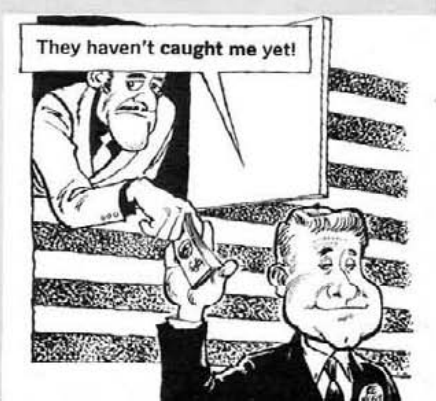
Just give me the juicy facts!



I stand on my record!

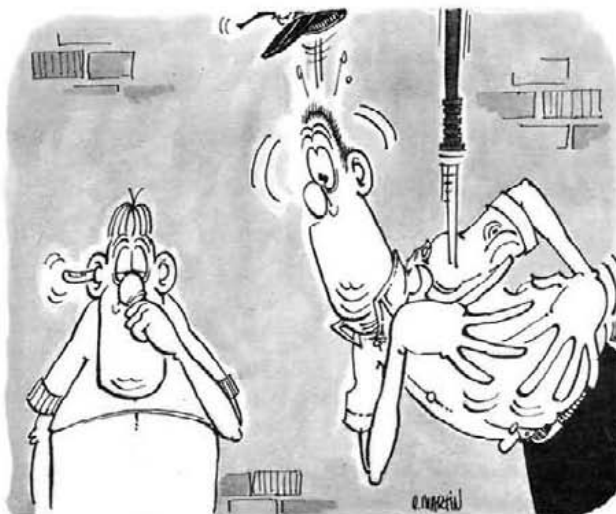
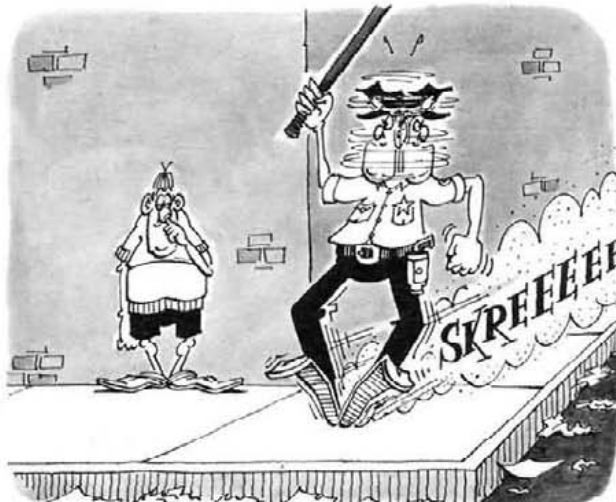
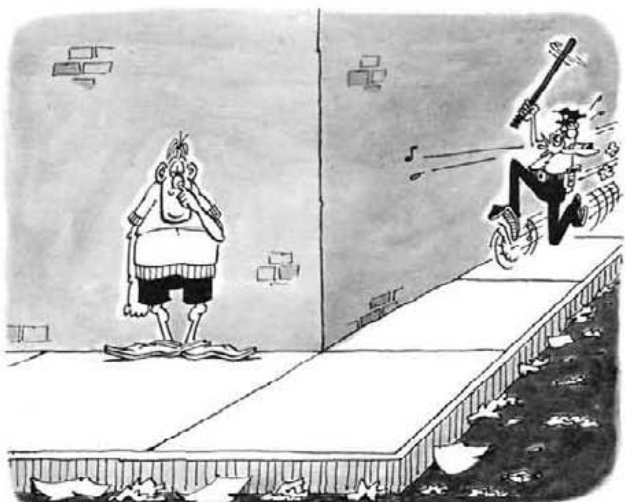
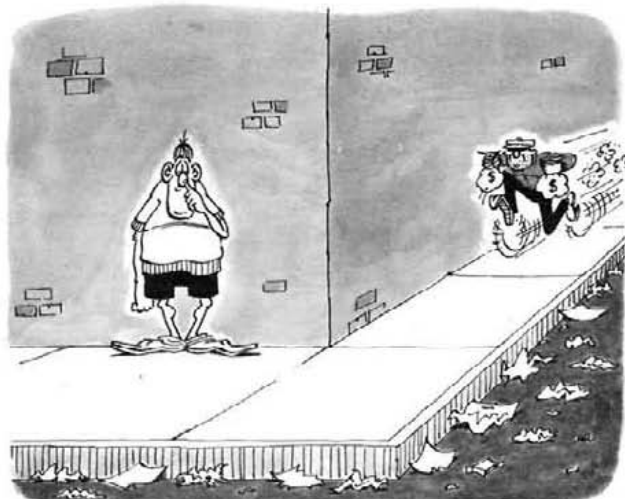


They haven't caught me yet!





WHILE HANGING AROUND THE CORNER

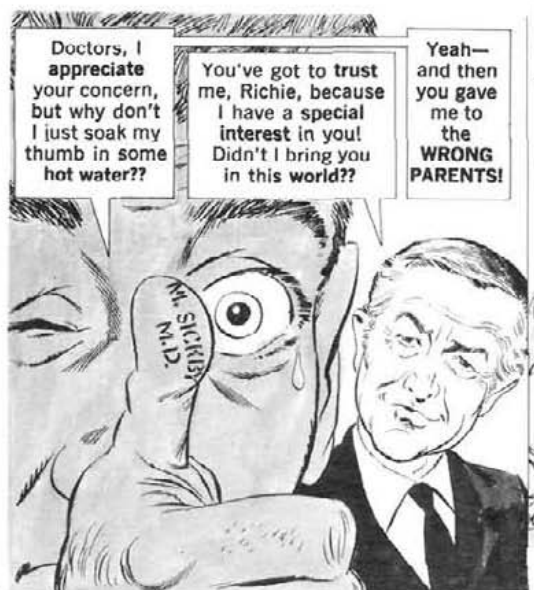
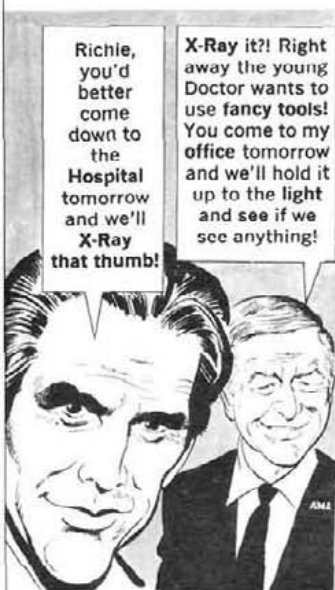


THE STERILE CUCKOOS DEPT.

There have been a lot of "Medical Shows" on television that depict efficient hospitals using the latest sophisticated equipment, and specialists who have deep concern for their patients, and nurses who would never dream of waking anyone to give them a sleeping pill. In other words, there have been a lot of *unbelievable* "Medical Shows" on television. However, now there is a new show on television which portrays an old fashioned doctor...a doctor who makes house calls...a doctor who treats each patient with kindness and consideration...a doctor who carefully explains what he is doing...a doctor who has an eager young associate. In other words, *ANOTHER* *unbelievable* "Medical Show". And here is MAD's unbelievable satire, called...

MAKEUS SICKBY M.D.

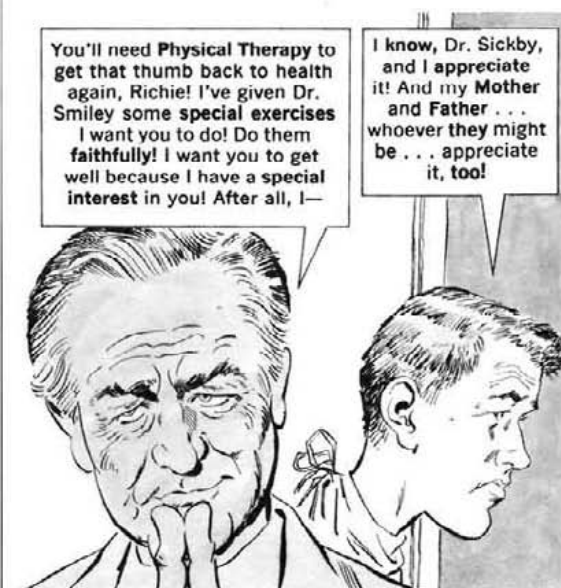






THE NEXT MORNING ...







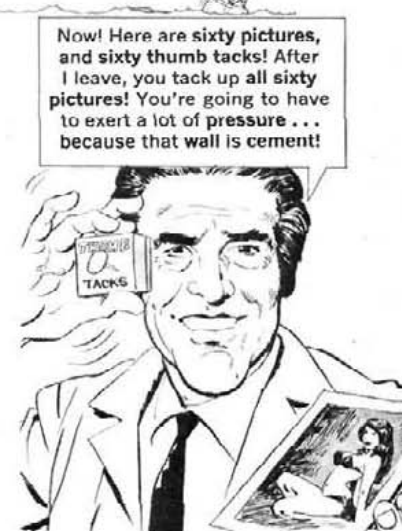
Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie!
He stuck in his thumb...



And pulled out a plum...
And said
"What a good boy am I!"

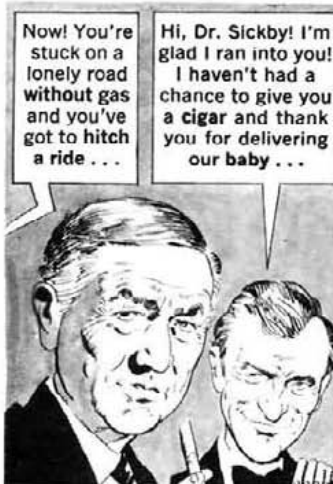


Excellent! Now, here are thirty
more pies! Each pie has twenty
plums in it! After I leave, you
continue this exercise until you
have all six hundred plums!



Now! Here are sixty pictures,
and sixty thumb tacks! After
I leave, you tack up all sixty
pictures! You're going to have
to exert a lot of pressure...
because that wall is cement!

SEVERAL STRENUOUS DAYS LATER...



Now! You're
stuck on a
lonely road
without gas
and you've
got to hitch
a ride...

Hi, Dr. Sickby! I'm
glad I ran into you!
I haven't had a
chance to give you
a cigar and thank
you for delivering
our baby...



Oh, yes!
How is the
little girl?

GIRL??
You gave
us a boy!

BOY?? Oh,
so that's who
I gave him to?
I hope you
like him!

But...

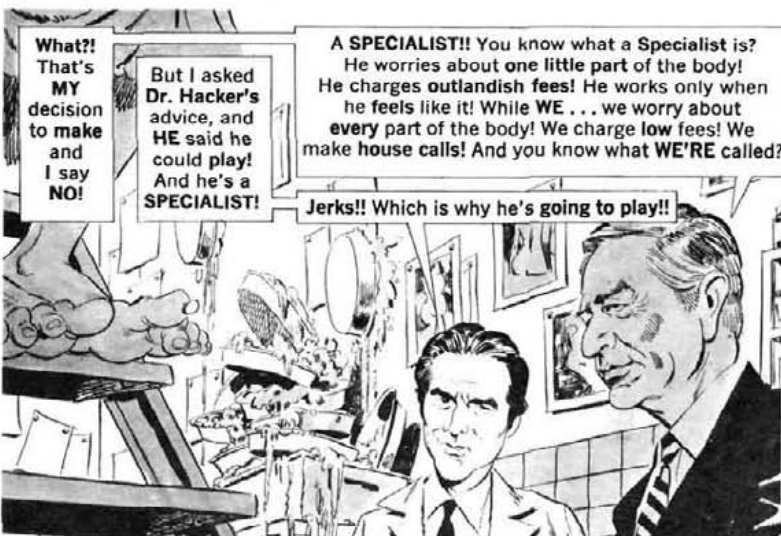
I haven't got any more
time to talk now, but
if you're really unhappy
with the baby, you can
turn him in within seven
days as long as you have
my paid receipt...

THIS
WAY,
DOC!



What's going on here, Dr.
Smiley! I told you to take
it easy the first week...

Dr. Sickby, Richie is ready
to play in the Tiddly Open!



What?!
That's
MY
decision
to make
and
I say
NO!

But I asked
Dr. Hacker's
advice, and
HE said he
could play!
And he's a
SPECIALIST!

A SPECIALIST!! You know what a Specialist is?
He worries about one little part of the body!
He charges outlandish fees! He works only when
he feels like it! While WE... we worry about
every part of the body! We charge low fees! We
make house calls! And you know what WE'RE called?

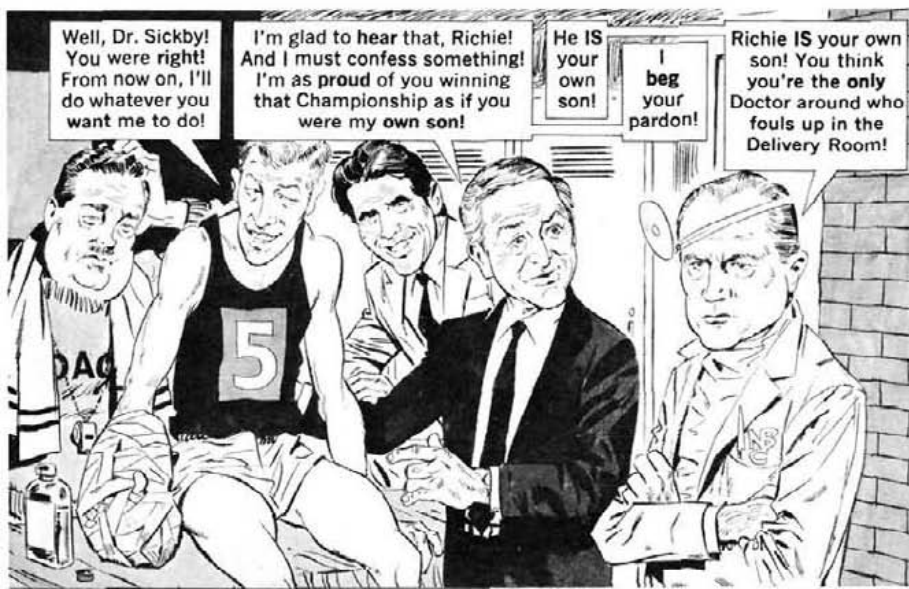
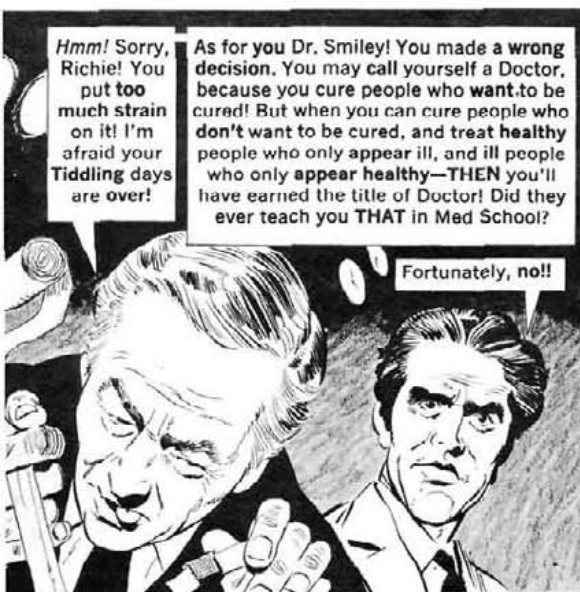
Jerks!! Which is why he's going to play!!



Oh, hi, Pops! You'll be relieved
to know that your tests were
fine! Your body is healthy and
your mind is perfectly sound!
And that makes me very happy,
because—after all—I brought
you into this world, and—

My mind
may be
perfectly
sound,
but it's a
cinch that
yours is
going!!

THE NEXT WEEK AT THE TIDDLY OPEN...



**WHAT
SILENT
MAJORITY
WILL WE
NEVER
HEAR FROM?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING **MAD FOLD-IN**

Today, everyone is concerned with what the so-called "Silent Majority" of Middle-America thinks and needs and wants. But there is a much more important group that keeps growing larger and silenter every day... and everyone seems to be ignoring them. To find out who this "Silent Majority" is, fold in pages as shown!



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

**CRYING PEACE, BROTHERHOOD AND FREEDOM
POLITICAL ACTIVISTS ARE SEARCHING FOR A SOLUTION
TO MANKIND'S PROBLEMS. BUT A GREATER
VICTORY MAY LIE IN THE PURSUIT OF NOBLER AIMS**

A▶

◀B

ONE DAY IN THE PARK

